

### The Quaker Mills

Will continue to pay the highest market price for WHEAT AND OATS, and will have for sale a full line of

### MILL FEED.

Baled Hay and Straw

Goods delivered free of charge in corporation. Telephone No. 3.

AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

# THE DAILY RELEASE

Vol. 27, No. 2. RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1894.

### FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Insurance a Specialty.

Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do you want to insure your property? Then call on

### E. M. WALLER,

who has bought the M. A. King Fire Insurance Agency, the largest in the country, and is now giving his entire time to the insurance business. Reasonable rates and honest dealing is the motto.

Office in Phenix Block, over J. C. O'Connell's Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

### Cleveland & Pittsburgh Division

Schedule of Passenger Trains—Central Time

Station	Train	Time
Pittsburgh	1	7:00 A.M.
Beaver	1	7:15 A.M.
East Liverpool	1	7:30 A.M.
Wellsville	1	7:45 A.M.
Wellsville	2	8:00 A.M.
Wellsville	3	8:15 A.M.
Wellsville	4	8:30 A.M.
Wellsville	5	8:45 A.M.
Wellsville	6	9:00 A.M.
Wellsville	7	9:15 A.M.
Wellsville	8	9:30 A.M.
Wellsville	9	9:45 A.M.
Wellsville	10	10:00 A.M.
Wellsville	11	10:15 A.M.
Wellsville	12	10:30 A.M.
Wellsville	13	10:45 A.M.
Wellsville	14	11:00 A.M.
Wellsville	15	11:15 A.M.
Wellsville	16	11:30 A.M.
Wellsville	17	11:45 A.M.
Wellsville	18	12:00 P.M.
Wellsville	19	12:15 P.M.
Wellsville	20	12:30 P.M.
Wellsville	21	12:45 P.M.
Wellsville	22	1:00 P.M.
Wellsville	23	1:15 P.M.
Wellsville	24	1:30 P.M.
Wellsville	25	1:45 P.M.
Wellsville	26	2:00 P.M.
Wellsville	27	2:15 P.M.
Wellsville	28	2:30 P.M.
Wellsville	29	2:45 P.M.
Wellsville	30	3:00 P.M.
Wellsville	31	3:15 P.M.
Wellsville	32	3:30 P.M.
Wellsville	33	3:45 P.M.
Wellsville	34	4:00 P.M.
Wellsville	35	4:15 P.M.
Wellsville	36	4:30 P.M.
Wellsville	37	4:45 P.M.
Wellsville	38	5:00 P.M.
Wellsville	39	5:15 P.M.
Wellsville	40	5:30 P.M.
Wellsville	41	5:45 P.M.
Wellsville	42	6:00 P.M.
Wellsville	43	6:15 P.M.
Wellsville	44	6:30 P.M.
Wellsville	45	6:45 P.M.
Wellsville	46	7:00 P.M.
Wellsville	47	7:15 P.M.
Wellsville	48	7:30 P.M.
Wellsville	49	7:45 P.M.
Wellsville	50	8:00 P.M.
Wellsville	51	8:15 P.M.
Wellsville	52	8:30 P.M.
Wellsville	53	8:45 P.M.
Wellsville	54	9:00 P.M.
Wellsville	55	9:15 P.M.
Wellsville	56	9:30 P.M.
Wellsville	57	9:45 P.M.
Wellsville	58	10:00 P.M.
Wellsville	59	10:15 P.M.
Wellsville	60	10:30 P.M.
Wellsville	61	10:45 P.M.
Wellsville	62	11:00 P.M.
Wellsville	63	11:15 P.M.
Wellsville	64	11:30 P.M.
Wellsville	65	11:45 P.M.
Wellsville	66	12:00 A.M.
Wellsville	67	12:15 A.M.
Wellsville	68	12:30 A.M.
Wellsville	69	12:45 A.M.
Wellsville	70	1:00 A.M.
Wellsville	71	1:15 A.M.
Wellsville	72	1:30 A.M.
Wellsville	73	1:45 A.M.
Wellsville	74	2:00 A.M.
Wellsville	75	2:15 A.M.
Wellsville	76	2:30 A.M.
Wellsville	77	2:45 A.M.
Wellsville	78	3:00 A.M.
Wellsville	79	3:15 A.M.
Wellsville	80	3:30 A.M.
Wellsville	81	3:45 A.M.
Wellsville	82	4:00 A.M.
Wellsville	83	4:15 A.M.
Wellsville	84	4:30 A.M.
Wellsville	85	4:45 A.M.
Wellsville	86	5:00 A.M.
Wellsville	87	5:15 A.M.
Wellsville	88	5:30 A.M.
Wellsville	89	5:45 A.M.
Wellsville	90	6:00 A.M.

## Great Bargains

# "THE ROCHESTER"

## Clothing House

Preparatory for Fall, we are going to dispose of the few Spring and Summer Goods remaining upon our tables AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

### Until Sept. 1st

A Great Reduction will be made on all our

### FINE SUITS, BUSINESS SUITS, WORKING SUITS.

500 Pairs Men's Working Pants 98c, worth \$1.25

Woolen Underwear - - - 75c, " \$1.25

Negligee Shirts - - - 78c, " \$1.25

## Special \* Hot \* Weather \* Prices!

We are now making special zero prices, during this hot weather, on our fine stock of **OXFORDS**—high and medium grade.

Ladies, you now have an opportunity to buy an elegant Shoe at a price that will astonish you, even in the common parade of catchy headings of "Cut Prices," "Below Cost," &c., of the day.

Our stock is all this seasons goods, of the latest styles, and "up to date" in every particular.

While we still have quite a full line, we expect the prices to move, and the early buyers will have the advantage of a wider range of selection.

We now have a complete line of the celebrated J. N. CLOYES, JOHN KELLEY, and THOS. PLATT SHOES, and other leading makes, which are winners in the competitive race for popular favor.

### Expert Foot Fitters, Smith and Brigham.

## Ja-Baking Powder

### ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

GRANT KNEW HIS MAN.

How Gen. Sherman Sent Important News to His Chief.

While we were eating a whistle blew. It was from a little tugboat that had steamed its way up the swollen and dangerous river from Wilmington. It passed the enemy hidden on either bank. It was the first sound heard from the north since the army left the ocean, writes S. H. M. Payers in McClure's. No one in the north knew where Sherman's army was. Rumors brought from the south said it was "founding and perishing in the swamps of the Carolinas." That day the general dashed the letters I ripped out, run down the river in the night, and carry dispatches to Gen. Grant in front of Richmond and to President Lincoln in Washington.

"Don't say much about how we are doing down here," said the general, as he put his arm about me and said farewell that evening down at the river bank. "Don't tell them in the north that we are cutting any great swath here. Just say we are taking care of whatever is getting in front of us. And be careful you don't get knocked to the bottom of the river before day-light."

Our little craft was covered nearly all over with cotton bales. The river was very wide and out of its banks everywhere; the night was dark. Whatever the enemy may have thought of the little puffs of steam far out on the dark, rapid water, we got down to the sea unharmed. A fleet ocean steamer at once carried me to Virginia. Grant was in a little log cabin at City Point, and when an officer was announced with dispatches from Sherman he was delighted. He took me into a back room, and I saw the general in my own clothing, and asked me many questions. Then Gen. Ord entered.

"Look here," said Gen. Grant, de-lighted to see me, "Gen. Ord, the news from Sherman. He has beaten even the swamps of the Carolinas."

"I am so glad," said Ord, rattling his big pipes. "I am so glad. I was getting a little uneasy."

"Not a bit," said Grant. "I knew Sherman. I knew my man. I knew my man," he gravely continued, almost to himself.

### Between Bayard and New Philadelphia

Read Down.

Station	Train	Time
Bayard	1	7:00 A.M.
Bayard	2	7:15 A.M.
Bayard	3	7:30 A.M.
Bayard	4	7:45 A.M.
Bayard	5	8:00 A.M.
Bayard	6	8:15 A.M.
Bayard	7	8:30 A.M.
Bayard	8	8:45 A.M.
Bayard	9	9:00 A.M.
Bayard	10	9:15 A.M.
Bayard	11	9:30 A.M.
Bayard	12	9:45 A.M.
Bayard	13	10:00 A.M.
Bayard	14	10:15 A.M.
Bayard	15	10:30 A.M.
Bayard	16	10:45 A.M.
Bayard	17	11:00 A.M.
Bayard	18	11:15 A.M.
Bayard	19	11:30 A.M.
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Bayard	22	12:15 P.M.
Bayard	23	12:30 P.M.
Bayard	24	12:45 P.M.
Bayard	25	1:00 P.M.
Bayard	26	1:15 P.M.
Bayard	27	1:30 P.M.
Bayard	28	1:45 P.M.
Bayard	29	2:00 P.M.
Bayard	30	2:15 P.M.
Bayard	31	2:30 P.M.
Bayard	32	2:45 P.M.
Bayard	33	3:00 P.M.
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Bayard	35	3:30 P.M.
Bayard	36	3:45 P.M.
Bayard	37	4:00 P.M.
Bayard	38	4:15 P.M.
Bayard	39	4:30 P.M.
Bayard	40	4:45 P.M.
Bayard	41	5:00 P.M.
Bayard	42	5:15 P.M.
Bayard	43	5:30 P.M.
Bayard	44	5:45 P.M.
Bayard	45	6:00 P.M.
Bayard	46	6:15 P.M.
Bayard	47	6:30 P.M.
Bayard	48	6:45 P.M.
Bayard	49	7:00 P.M.
Bayard	50	7:15 P.M.
Bayard	51	7:30 P.M.
Bayard	52	7:45 P.M.
Bayard	53	8:00 P.M.
Bayard	54	8:15 P.M.
Bayard	55	8:30 P.M.
Bayard	56	8:45 P.M.
Bayard	57	9:00 P.M.
Bayard	58	9:15 P.M.
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Bayard	75	1:30 A.M.
Bayard	76	1:45 A.M.
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Bayard	78	2:15 A.M.
Bayard	79	2:30 A.M.
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Bayard	84	3:45 A.M.
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Bayard	86	4:15 A.M.
Bayard	87	4:30 A.M.
Bayard	88	4:45 A.M.
Bayard	89	5:00 A.M.
Bayard	90	5:15 A.M.
Bayard	91	5:30 A.M.
Bayard	92	5:45 A.M.
Bayard	93	6:00 A.M.
Bayard	94	6:15 A.M.
Bayard	95	6:30 A.M.
Bayard	96	6:45 A.M.
Bayard	97	7:00 A.M.
Bayard	98	7:15 A.M.
Bayard	99	7:30 A.M.
Bayard	100	7:45 A.M.

## Children's Suits Marked Down!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY THEM.

Some of our immense stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS already in. Don't fail to examine them.

Respectfully,

## Rochester Clothing Co.

B. HESKINS, Manager.

## ME N' MAJE.

"Mebby you don't take dogs here, anyway?"

The woman was holding the door so that her figure might just fill the opening, and she had a very thin figure the door had an inopportune appearance. Before she gave any answer she craned her head forward and examined space for a few yards about the man. "I don't see no dog," she remarked.

"Oh, you can't see him, he's out to the corner of the house settin' down. I told him to go down 'n' wait for me."

Having said this, the man adjusted his crutches so that he might rest on them more comfortably while he waited. He was used to waiting. He was watching the woman's face. She had pressed her thin lips together while she was considering, and when Mrs. Darte's lips were pressed together it was as if she had only a sort of a cut in her face through which she might take her food.

"I don't expect we're called upon to support no dogs," she said at last, "the town don't provide nothin' for dogs, anyway. Besides, here she paused, and added almost immediately, 'your cat's dreadful 'frail of dogs. She bristles all up 'round 'em. She's likely 'n' run away, 'n' I don't know what we should do. She's a regular ratter. The rats and have here are just beyond words. I don't see why the town don't do something 'bout 'em. I tell Abram if he's to do things 'n' he'd ought to say something 'bout them rats to town meen'." I tell him I wish the selection could see our hog pal 'most any time when it's settin' out there by the pen. It's just a sight with them rats 'n' tails in a ring right round the top of it, 'n' they with their heads down in the swirl."

This seemed irrelevant, but the man did not interrupt. His faded old blue eyes were fixed on the woman's face. Somehow those eyes made her uneasy. She wished they were not so mild and so gentle. When she stopped speaking he said that he knew "some folks didn't like dogs; they was afraid they'd run 'n' get 'n' in the winter 'cause 'twould be cold. But I ain't 'frail to risk that," he concluded.

There was silence for a moment, during which a Baltimore oriole in the cherry tree close by fluted out his song and then flew off, making a swift line of brilliant color as he went. The man turned and gazed after the flying beauty. He smiled slightly as he gazed.

"These birds are a lot of company for me this time of year," he said. "I guess they've built up their little nests 'round mostly they like elms for their nests."

As he still continued to stand there Mrs. Darte could not quite make up her mind to shut the door on him. Presently he turned toward her again.

"This is the almshouse where I live," he said, "and I live here. I've 'bout made up my mind 'n' can't take care of myself no more. I'm gittin' old. Mrs. Darte just looked at him, a blushing sound that told her the dried apple was on the kitchen stove was boiling over. She felt sure that the half-witted pauper inmate she had left to watch her door would make up her mind to move the kettle back. But here was old Lemmy Little, who didn't seem to know enough to go away. Of course, if you couldn't take care of me, I'd be a nuisance just like him to think they could. And her mother had always said that a good-sized dog cost as much to keep as a pig. She told herself she'd better not try to use the town's money to provide for a useless animal like that.

"I don't see how I can, no way," she said.

"I tell you what," exclaimed Mr. Little, brightly, "you just come out 'n' see me. 'N' I praps you'll change your mind 'bout me. He's a good fellow. 'N' he can't help likin' him, nobody can't."

"I guess I've seen him," was the response, the speaker showing no enthusiasm at the prospect of making his acquaintance with Lemmy Little. "I've seen him along with you."

"But you just come out," the old eyes were still bright, "and I'll tell you why. Why—here the stubby, weak chin quivered slightly—"I ain't bein' 'bout him day nor night for ten year, 'n' ten year ago this spring he was a pup. 'N' he was goin' 'n' throw him down. I saved his life. I got him 'way from them two cusses of boys. I took off the rope 'n' the rope they'd tied to his neck. 'Twas the best job I ever done since I saved that pup. He's been mine ever since. My wife she died, 'n' 'n' my son he finally died of that wound he got when the factory blowed up, you know. 'N' I ain't bein' 'n' for nothin' for I don't know how long. I've got ter give up peddlin' on 'count of my back. 'N' I legs, I know this was the poor-house where I belonged. I'd come here 'fore only I kep' thinkin' how 'twould er make my wife feel if she'd knowed it. She her real high string. Abby was, one of them Kimberlys over to North Bixby, you know."

As he said this the old man drew himself up on his crutches and lunged his head. But he could not remain in that attitude, so he immediately sagged again between his supporters.

"But you come out 'n' see me," he cheerfully.

Mrs. Darte reluctantly stepped down from the door. She flung her head back over her head. She glanced back into the passage that led to the kitchen. She could now distinctly smell the dried apple that was burning on the stove, and this fact did not make her any more amiable.

"Why don't you call him here?" she asked.

"Cause when I tell him to go down 'n' wait for me he expects me to come. I've brought him up that way. I ain't goin' to begin confusin' 'n' him with new ways."

Mr. Little swung forward on his crutches, and Mrs. Darte followed him. There was a proud and cautious eagerness in his voice and manner as he reached the corner of the house and

## DEVOL'S GAMBLING YARN.

Being the Story of How a Fellow Blacked Up to Beat the Bank.

"Before the war," said Col. George Devol to an interested party of listeners in the lobby of the St. James hotel, New York, "Jim Ashby was the most notorious gambler in New Orleans."

"Ashby was proprietor of a faro bank in those days, and such a run of luck he had, he broke every gambler for a hundred miles around."

"But one evening a fellow came in there and turned things about for a time. He played with a good run of luck, and in one night succeeded in making that bank shell out \$500. Ashby then in turn succeeded in breaking the stranger. The contest grew warmer as it progressed. How to get even was all that occupied the stranger's mind for several days."

"I'll bet you if it takes the rest of my life," the fellow said, and it was only a few days before he had a plan to get even with Ashby."

"He went to a nigger trader who played the bank every now and then, and told him of his plan to beat Ashby in the end."

"He'll black up," he said to the trader, "and put on some old clothes. I'll want you to take me up tonight and sell me to Ashby, and take your pay in checks."

"As he was low in cash, the trader quickly readily agreed to take part in the scheme. They went over to the bank for an end game, and the trader caught Jim before anybody else arrived."

"The black boy stood back by the door."

"Well," said the trader to Ashby, "I'm dead broke, and want to make a little play this evening. I've got no money—nothing but niggers—how much will you give me on this boy?"

"I'll give you a nigger, a boy to stay there at the bank, so he turned to the nigger and said:

"Come up here, nigger, and let me have a look at you. You're a good one."

"The boy came up, and Jim felt of him, and asked him how old he was. The nigger replied:

"I'm twenty, boss."

"How would you like to live here and wait on the gentlemen?" Jim asked.

"I'd like it just fine."

"Well, the upshot of the whole matter was that the trader got \$500 in checks for his nigger. At the game that followed, however, luck ran against him, and he lost his money. He obtained the place by a novel system of land transfer."

His lordship attended a great ceremony in the archbishop's cathedral, followed by his retainers, and according to time-honored custom, said to his grace "Da nuhi basium," meaning, "Give me the kiss of peace; only, instead of saying 'basium,' he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The archbishop graciously replied, "Do tili basium," which he took for "basium," he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The archbishop graciously replied, "Do tili basium," which he took for "basium," he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The archbishop graciously replied, "Do tili basium," which he took for "basium," he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham.

### P. & W. RAILWAY

#### TIME TABLE.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

##### MAIN LINE—WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 7	No. 8	No. 15	No. 6
PITTSBURGH	7:00 A.M.	7:15 A.M.	7:30 A.M.	7:45 A.M.
ALLEGANY	8:15 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
WYOMING	9:15 A.M.	9:30 A.M.	9:45 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
NEWCASTLE	10:15 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
YOUNGSTOWN	11:15 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:45 A.M.	12:00 P.M.
WHEELING	12:15 P.M.	12:30 P.M.	12:45 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
CHICAGO	1:15 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	1:45 P.M.	2:00 P.M.

##### EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 9	No. 10	No. 14	No. 4
CHICAGO	7:00 A.M.	7:15 A.M.	7:30 A.M.	7:45 A.M.
WHEELING	8:15 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
YOUNGSTOWN	9:15 A.M.	9:30 A.M.	9:45 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
NEWCASTLE	10:15 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
WYOMING	11:15 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:45 A.M.	12:00 P.M.
ALLEGANY	12:15 P.M.	12:30 P.M.	12:45 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
PITTSBURGH	1:15 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	1:45 P.M.	2:00 P.M.

## KEEP COOL!

Try a Glass of

# Ice Cream Soda Water

At McCONNEY'S.

## Wizards of High Degree.

Russian Fins—or "Roosian" Fins, as Jacky has it—were, and are, wizards of high degree. During J. D. Jerrild Kelley in an article on "Superstitions of the Sea," in the Century, he tells of a wizard named Bosham, who was a wizard of high degree. During J. D. Jerrild Kelley in an article on "Superstitions of